

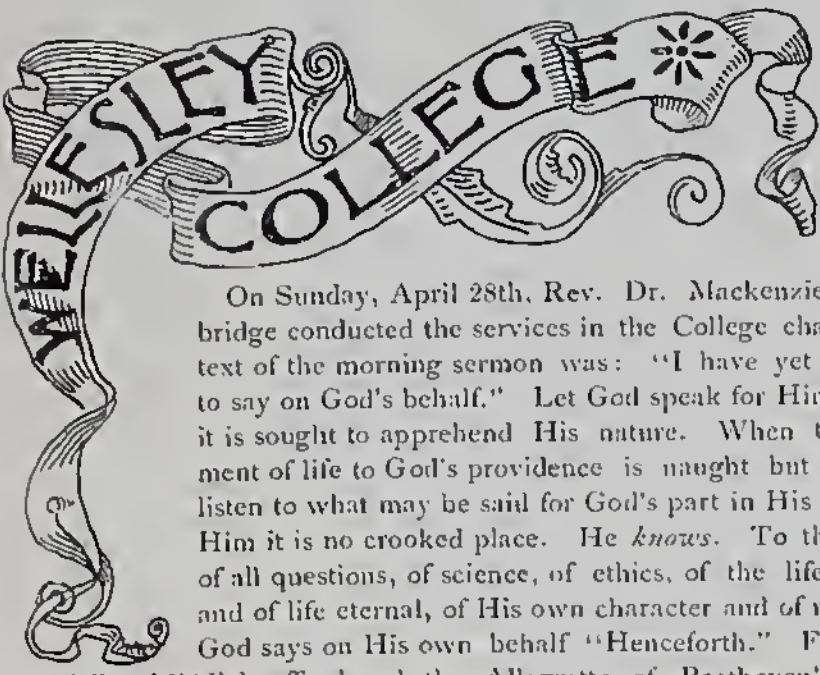
The Courant

College Edition.

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WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



On Sunday, April 28th, Rev. Dr. Mackenzie of Cambridge conducted the services in the College chapel. The text of the morning sermon was: "I have yet somewhat to say on God's behalf." Let God speak for Himself when it is sought to apprehend His nature. When the adjustment of life to God's providence is naught but a puzzle, listen to what may be said for God's part in His play. To Him it is no crooked place. He knows. To the solution of all questions, of science, of ethics, of the life principle and of life eternal, of His own character and of redemption God says on His own behalf "Henceforth." For a postlude Miss Middlekauff played the Allegretto of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and after evening chapel, which is now a sunset service, Pro Peccatis from the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini. The subject of the five o'clock prayer meeting was: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

At half past seven Dr. Mackenzie spoke in chapel from the text: "Enlarge the place of thy tent and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not: lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes." The thought was, the growth of the spiritual germ creates for itself a large environment.

Prof. Fay's Lecture.

The third lecture of the course in German Literature was delivered in the Chapel, Monday evening, April 29, by Professor Charles E. Fay.

The subject was the Nibelungenlied. A popular lecture, as the Professor most carefully impressed upon his audience, it was very well fitted to give to one unacquainted with the ancient epic, a clear, though superficial knowledge of the tragic story related in this great people's song. It is unknown if the poem be the work of many authors or of only one, but in the speaker's opinion many indications favor the latter conclusion. In this epic we find legends, which, founded upon myths still older than themselves, have in turn been the source of inspiration for many writers. The style is simple and artless with only occasional figurative passages.

The story of the poem very briefly told, and stripped of the beauty given it by Professor Fay's charming and accurate translation of the most characteristic scenes, is as follows: Kriemhild, the heroine, is the beautiful sister of Gunther, the king of the Burgundians. The great hero, Siegfried, who, endowed with supernatural strength, has vanquished the boldest warriors, woos her a long time in vain. Finally, however, Gunther promises the hand of his sister on the condition that Siegfried aid him in overcoming the beautiful and powerful Brunhilde. She in her god-like strength has long bid defiance to mortal men, but Gunther wins her for his wife, in all the trials of strength being supported by Siegfried, who, wrapped in the garment which makes its wearer invisible, stands beside him. The double wedding is now celebrated, but so far from being the beginning of joys it but opens a long succession of sorrows. As we learn from other sagas, Siegfried and Brunhilde had formerly been betrothed. Can we then wonder at the eagerness of the woman to avenge herself when she finds that by Siegfried, and not Gunther, she was vanquished? Through Hagen, a vassal, the wretched queen accomplishes her vengeance and Siegfried is slain.

The lecturer now called the attention of his audience to the change in Kriemhild's nature; a tender, loving woman becomes a fury. Her whole after life is governed by her desire for revenge on her husband's assassin. Actuated by this changeless purpose she marries Etzel, king of the Huns. She is now able to fulfil her burning wish. Her brothers and Hagen are invited to the Hunnish court and there slain by the vassals of Etzel. Gunther and Hagen alone are taken captive, but the latter falls by the queen's own hand. For this last deed she is slain by one of her own vassals and with her death the tale of "Kriemhild's love" and "Kriemhild's revenge" is closed.

The lecturer then touched upon the characters which are developed in this wonderful epic, Kriemhild's mother and brothers, Siegfried and Brunhilde, Rudiger the true-hearted Hun, and Hagen the loyal, vindictive vassal of the Burgundian king.

The whole lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views taken from old frescoes, thus giving not only a story of ancient German life, but also the representation of that story by men who lived nearer those stirring times than do we.

The Junior Debate.

The Stone Hall parlor was filled the Wednesday evening of April 24 by the members of the Junior class and a few invited guests, to listen to a debate argued by four members of the Junior Rhetoric class. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, That the Annexation of Canada to the United States is both Natural and Desirable." The participants on the affirmative were Misses Brown and Peck; on the negative, Misses Bothwell and Bosworth, with Mr. Manly presiding. Miss Brown opened the debate in a skillful and pleasing way, laying her points clearly before the audience, and treating them in a praiseworthy and practical argument. After a brief introduction in regard to the character of the Canadian country, its area, its climate, its water ways and its railways, the speaker proceeded to prove the annexation a natural one because of the position of Canada relative to the United States, of its Democratic influences in government, of the similar social development; and a desirable one because of the resources for raw material. Miss Bothwell, as first negative, made a most able reply to her opponent by stating first that political similarity alone makes political union natural, and that in considering a question of

such character it was necessary to determine whether the similar points of government were more vital than the dissimilar points. Her second point was well made; that the annexation would not be a desirable one because of disintegrating tendencies resulting from the foreign and mixed population of Canada, a population which would prove a discordant element among the citizens of the United States. The affirmative was closed by Miss Peck, who spoke with much enthusiasm and eloquence. She showed conclusively the material advantages to be gained from the annexation, and also claimed there would be an advance in civilization for both countries were such a step to be taken. To this Miss Bosworth brightly replied that although the material advantages were to be certainly acknowledged, yet a country's material welfare had proved too often a serious detriment and that political unity was the most necessary and requisite condition of its internal peace and advancement. This unity, she claimed, could not be secured because of the wide divergence in schools, of the question in regard to the church and state, and of other serious and unsurmountable obstacles.

We then listened for a few brief moments to a lively and interesting extemporaneous debate by Miss Peck and Miss Bosworth before the vote was taken. Both disputants made some good hits and showed by their eagerness that they had by no means exhausted the subject. It was with much regret this time we heard the oft-welcomed words: "You are excused." A vote on the merits of the question showed a large majority in favor of the negative.

The evening was one which afforded much pleasure to all present and proved a happy prelude to the evenings which are coming to all members of the Greek-letter societies now reorganizing, in which extemporaneous speaking will play a prominent part.

George Washington at Freeman.

The patriotic feeling of the Freeman Freshmen brought some pleasant results on the national holiday of April 30, for in the evening the other members of the household were entertained for an hour or so with scenes from the life of Washington. Although little time had been spent in preparation yet the scenic effects were remarkable for their realistic virtues, particularly the snow and ice of the Delaware, and the costumes were true to the times. The father of his country, brave and stalwart, appeared in all the various vicissitudes of life from the cutting of the cherry tree with his little hatchet to the Inaugural Ball, attended with great pomp and glory. Truly, George Washington was a blessing to all later generations in more ways than one, and this was a successful way of proving it.

Zeta Alpha and Phi Sigma.

BELLE SHERWIN, '90.

If those students in college for whom, in the past few months, all features in Wellesley life and Wellesley landscape have been colored by the hope of reviving Greek letter societies, can divine the spirit of old Phi Sigmian and Zeta Alphan hearts,—the announcement that the petition for societies has been granted and that their organization is near its completion must awaken fresh enthusiasm and eager expectancy beyond the College walls. Here, in Wellesley, there is abundant rejoicing over the first fact, and then a tendency to stand off and see what is to come next. To the early members of Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha, to the students and Faculty of the College and to all whom it may concern, we would say: "Everything is to come." All that we have hoped and planned since last November, all that gave courage in petitioning, all that sustained us through the long weeks of waiting for the Council vote, is now to follow.

Primarily the societies are literary, with no limited or special course of literary study, but the work will in general consist of oral debates, reports on current literature, music, art, politics, and topics of the day, with informal discussions and occasional papers. It is, in short, the object of the societies to maintain a side by side movement with contemporary interests. Two regular meetings will be held each month, the programs being in charge of special committees, who will provide that no member has more than one major and two minor parts a year.

Only second to this aim of the societies for independent intellectual work, is the purpose of breaking down class barriers, the extension of social intercourse, rapidly becoming confined to houses, and the formation of a bond which shall more closely unite alumnæ and under-graduates than even the love of Alma Mater. Already have the charter members seen what potent influences for such results the organizations will be. Meeting in the corridor a student or member of the Faculty with whom they have society connection does not now produce that conventional college apology for greeting, a doubtful smile, but the quickening thought, "Oh, Zeta Alpha!" or "Phi Sigma, live forever!"

An increased interest in all classes is evident, too. Possible and probable members are secretly surveyed and openly discussed in the centre, in lecture-rooms and at lunch tables. Who these shall be, it is their own privilege to decide. The names of those desiring admission to the societies will be presented to the secretary, investigated by a standing committee appointed for the purpose, and voted upon by the society. With the exception of the Freshman class and first year specials, the membership is unlimited, with provision in the constitutions for working in chapters, if found necessary. Members of one society will not be eligible to any other in College, the Beethoven Society being excepted. Consequent upon the latter stipulation, resignations from the Art Club and Microscopical and Shakespeare Societies may be in order, if eminently desired.

Before this issue of the COURANT, the constitution of the Greek-letter Societies will have been submitted to the Council, and applications for membership may be made directly to Miss M. L. Pearsons, Zeta Alpha, and Miss M. G. Curtis, Phi Sigma, secretaries *pro tem*. It is cordially hoped that applications will be prompt, and the new-old societies speedily number a goodly roll.

In becoming established realities and retiring to the system of everyday life, Zeta Alpha and Phi Sigma desire to express to the Alumnæ most hearty thanks for the interest and co-operation which has so materially

aided in their revival; to assure them that these are rarely appreciated; and to add the hope that the day may come when all members of the two societies may meet together in Utopian Society halls.

"Legenda" Illustrated.

Are you going to have illustrations in the Legenda? What kind of illustrations are you going to have? How many will there be? Are you going to have views of the College buildings? Such are a few of the numerous questions with which the editors of the book have been overwhelmed, and they are glad to answer them in a general way.

Yes, we are going to have illustrations, and a good many, and they will add, we think, not a little to the value and beauty of the publication. There will be phototype views of all the College buildings, and a page will be devoted to the Faculty Parlor. The views selected are the best of the large number from which we had opportunity to choose, and the addition of these alone to the book will make it greatly desirable to all. One page will contain a half-tint reproduction of the Senior Class composite.

Beside these illustrations, which will occupy five full pages, the Legenda will contain a large number of engravings from pen sketches. There will be a full page drawing for the Salutatory, and one for each class in College, embodying some special idea appropriate to the class, and several other full page drawings altogether indescribable, making fourteen in all. In addition to these there will be about twenty headings for pages, or initial letter drawings, thus making a total of over thirty engravings.

The Legenda would be worth its price for the pictures alone, and when they are combined with a large amount of matter interesting to Faculty, Alumnæ and students alike, it must prove of peculiar value to all.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Miss Wolcott, who will be remembered as the president of '81 during the year made famous by the war of the snow images, visited the College last week.

Among other College visitors of the past week were Miss Sadie Metcalf, sometime member of '82, Miss Molly Morse, student at Wellesley from '83 to '87, and Miss Virginia Rice, who went from Dana Hall to the College in '85.

Miss Mary H. Young, '84, is visiting Miss Mary Emerson, for three years member of the same class, at Rockford, Ill.

Miss Annie I. Willis, whose literary work has been mentioned in this column during the year, has been interested this spring in tracing the history of Arbor Day and in preparing exercises suitable for use upon that occasion.

The program of a vocal recital, given last Friday at Worcester by the pupils of Miss May E. Sleeper is a delightful collection of solos, duets and trios which give evidence of good work accomplished.

Miss Norcross, '80, who has sent us letters from Greece which all readers of the COURANT have enjoyed, has now left Athens. She will spend the greater part of May in Rome and will be in Paris during the month of June.

The Autograph Committee gratefully acknowledges the receipt of further additions to its collection, from Miss Lucy Larcom, Mrs. F. D. Clarke, Mrs. Mary Meriam Conant, '84, and the Misses Louise Langford, '83, F. E. Homer, '86, Ellen Davison, '87, and S. P. Breckinridge, '88. Among these are autographs of Nathaniel Hawthorne, T. Buchanan Read, Edward Everett, Henry Ward Beecher, Edmund Gosse, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Cleveland and an autograph poem by Lucy Larcom. Further contributions are earnestly desired. Helen J. Sanborn, 115 Dartmouth St., Boston; Marion Pelton Guild, 5 Marlborough St., Boston.

Born.

In Chicago, March 30, a son, William, to Mrs. Harriet Emerson Hinchliffe, '82.

Died.

At New Britain, Ct., May 2d, Mrs. J. Warren Tuck, mother of Alice C. Tuck, student at Wellesley '75-'78, and Marie L. Tuck, B. S. '84.

The Wide, Wide World.

April 27.—Release of the missionaries, Taylor, Edwards and Hooper, captured by Bushiri. General Boulanger allowed to stay in London only on condition of behaving himself. The Cherokee strip still invaded by squatters.

April 28.—Serious accident on the Grand Trunk road. A number of new sugar factories to be started in Kansas. Senator Stanford hopes to open his great university in California next year.

April 29.—Lord Londonderry resigns his position as Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. General elections in France fixed for September 22. Reported capture of Khartoum. Quiet Sunday at Guthrie. Opening of the Centennial at New York. Fifty people thrown into a lake at Kansas City, Mo.

April 30.—Death of Carl Rosa at Paris. Death of Mr. Wm. H. Barnum. May 1.—Burning of the Windsor Theatre, Chicago. Cut in wages of Indiana coal miners. Death of Bishop Higgins.

May 2.—Samoan commissioners at Potsdam. Gen. Boulanger summons a council of his supporters to meet in London on May 16. Riot at Guanajuato, Mexico. Affairs in Oklahoma settling down. A woman made assistant attorney-general of Missouri.

May 3.—The King of Holland, having improved in health, is formally restored to power. The new British Minister, Sir Julian Pauncefote, presented to the President. High license defeated in Missouri.

Pandita Ramabai has returned to India, and is organizing her home for the education of child widows of the higher caste. A fixed income has been guaranteed by the committee at Boston and associated committees in other parts of the States and Canada.

The sympathy of the college is extended to Miss Knox for her recent bereavement in the death of a beloved uncle.

Spring Song.

NANCY K. FOSTER, SPECIAL.

Little birds, on bare boughs swinging,
And your sweetest love-notes singing,
Soon you'll wake the birds, now dreaming
In a land with nectars teeming.
Little birds, sing merrily!

All the buds will wake from sleeping;
Careful watch and guard you're keeping
In the tree-tops, breezy watch-towers—
If they did not hear you singing,
Scarcely worth while they'd think their bringing
Perfume to this world of ours!
Little birds, sing merrily!

Tree Song of '82.

ANNIE R. JERRELL.

A song of the spring, a rhyme
With a merry, musical chime,
Ringeth abroad to-day,
Sweet old song of the May!
Shy little flowers, peep through!
This is the time for you.
Listen to hear the rest
From the oriole in the nest!

CHORUS.—Out of the old is the new,
Under the storm is the blue.
For each little leaf of the tree
Shall the warm May sunshine be.
Fairer the summer in store
Than all the summers before.

Hear the song of our tree!
Long is its pedigree.
Centuries come and go,
Strong and stern in the snow
Stand the forests of beech,
Winter and summer for each.
Listen to hear the rest
From the bird of the crimson breast!

Who needeth a song? Not we.
Ours is the song of the tree.
Ours is the song of the May,
Sing it and say it to-day!
Old is the earth in truth—
A dream of the past its youth.
The sun is low in the west,
But listen to hear the rest!

AN OPEN LETTER.

Boston, April 23d, 1889.

To the Editors of the *Courant*:

LADIES:—In one of my visits to Wellesley College, I was delighted with the tone, and pleased with the caligraphy of the Japanese temple bell which daily and hourly summons the students to duty. Borrowing a few sheets of paper from one of the young ladies, I made a rubbing of the text cast on the face of the bell, and herewith present the fruits of a study made in part with the assistance of my friend Rev. K. Kurahara.

The bell is a good specimen of Japanese art in bronze and of bell-casting, and tells its own age on its face. It was probably secured for the market during the period of civil war and excitement of 1868-70. It belonged to the Buddhist "Temple of the Lotus Flower" situated in "Law-grove Mountain"—probably some secluded nook among the camphor trees and cryptomerias of the lovely island empire. The inscription, which is a fine piece of caligraphy, ornate prose, skilful and thoroughly orthodox poetry, is read in vertical lines from top to bottom, beginning at the right hand and reading to the left—in method, doubly the reverse of ours. It consists of a prose preface or historical statement, stanzas of Chinese poetry, dates, and names of the composer and bronze-caster.

The first line of six characters reads Ho-ren-san Ren-ké-ji—Law-grove mountain, Lotus-lily temple.

The second line of four characters reads Sho-mei Hei-jo—Bell-inscription and preface.

Then follows the historical statement or preface, which reads as below:

"Although there had been of old a suspended bell in the temple of the Lotus Flower, yet being of small dimensions, its note was quickly spent, and no volume of melody followed (after being struck.) Whereupon, with the idea of improving upon this state of things, we made a subscription and collected coin to obtain a new bell. All believers in the (Buddhist) doctrine contributed freely, the gods giving and the demons sparing not: (i. e. the saved saints and the lost sinners.) Thus the enterprise was consummated, and this paean composed; to wit:

Niyorai having pitiful compassion (upon the people) would by means of this bell awaken them from earthly illusions, and reveal the darkness (or benighted ignorance) of this world.

Many of the living hearkening to its voice, and making confession, are freed from the bondage of their sins, and forever released from their miserable passions.

How great is his merit! Who can utter it? Without measure, without bounds.

Era of Bun-ka, 11th year: Male Wood, Dog, Autumn. Seventh month, 15th day (A. D. 1814, August 30th.)

In exposition of the above, which I have given as literally as the Sino-Japanese language, saturated in very Orthodox Buddhist sentiment, will allow, I may add that "the gods and demons" who are supposed to have contributed to the bell, though dwelling in other worlds were able to contribute through the boxes usually found in every Buddhist temple and placed there for prayers and mass in behalf of the dead, and filled with the money of the faithful. "Niyorai" is the highest title bestowed upon the Buddha. It signifies "He who comes nowhence and goes nowhither," and may be translated "The Most Exalted Buddha" or "Buddha Niyorai."

The *mei* or poetic inscription, which we have translated by the term paean, might properly be called a paean. It is composed according to the canons of Chinese poetry in four-syllable verses. There are two stanzas of four lines each, and an apostrophe in two lines.

To write a date in Japanese is an elaborate affair, and in full dress parade, the following systems are represented: 1st, the native Japanese method of year-periods, begun in 645 A. D., the periods having no fixed length; (there are already 246 of these, which many natives commit to memory—one reason why so many boys and girls in Japan die early); 2d, the Sexagenary circle made up of the five elements in both their male and female methods of actions, and of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, one-half of the 120 spaces in the diagram being used; 3rd, the reigns of the emperors; 4th, the continuous era from "the foundation of the empire," B. C. 660. On the bell, the date is given in the year period Bun-ka (begun February 11, 1804, ended February 5, 1818) and so named possibly after some literary event in Yedo which pleased the Tycoon. This year would also be the 35th of the 120th emperor or Mikado Kokaku, and the 2475th of the Japanese empire. According to the Chinese cycle of sixty years (which "cycle of Cathay," Mr. Tennyson, is only three-score summers or ten years more than the "fifty years of Europe") this year A. D. 1814 was that of the "male" or "active" form of that element Wood, and also

of the Zodiac sign Dog. As autumn in Japan begins on the 7th of August the month and day here recorded fell in autumn, or exactly 7th month, 15th day, August 30, 1814.

In our country so young and fresh, a passion for antiquity prevails in reference to any thing from oriental countries, and doubtless many have a sentimental feeling that the bell ought to be "ancient." While we cannot make it out that the bell at Wellesley College ever made the air of the pre-Christian centuries vibrate (since also, Buddhism was not introduced into Japan until A. D. 552 and took nearly 300 years to propagate itself there) yet the students at Wellesley, to whom the bell-strokes and air-waves mean so much may, despite its modernness, rejoice in their bell as being one of the best specimens of the bronze-smith's art as practised in the "Land of Dainty Decoration."

Respectfully, WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

Author of "The Mikado's Empire."

The poem on the bell in unrhymed metrical version:

Buddha, in compassion tender,
With this bell, instead of words,
Wakens souls from life's illusions,
Lightens this world's darkness drear.

Many souls its sweet tones heeding,
From their chains of sin are freed,
All the minds' unrest is soothed,
Sinful yearnings are repressed.

Oh, how potent is his merit,
Without bounds in all the worlds!

THE LOST ART OF CONVERSATION.

ALICE BREWSTER, '89.

The very spirit of the 19th century is toward the solution of the problem "How to live," and with it advances the solution of many minor problems concerning the conduct of life, culture, behavior, manner, conversation. Otherwise hearing the words: "Conversation is a lost art!" from the lips of some dispirited members of society, we might almost think it an art which has been buried in some century of the past—before steam was ever invented or America discovered, when people had time to combine it with the art of living. The trouble is, conversation is too little regarded as an art. Emerson has said: "There is always a best way of doing things." This is the province of arts. Art is not only the expression of thought, but its best and most beautiful expression. We show our neglect of the art of conversation by failing to draw the fine distinction between talking at random and talking at our best. There is already plenty of mere talking in the world; the need is for moderation—that moderation which accompanies the art of talking.

Masters in the art of conversation are rare; comparatively few converse well, but there are many who might do so if they really chose. There is a good deal of indifference apparent. Some who are gifted with fluency of speech and aptness of expression allow the real power they might attain as conversationalists to slip from their grasp. They do not exert themselves to speak always to the best of their ability and hence fail to put their talent to its highest use. Others lack the facility for easy expression and rather than exert perseverance toward this end, deprive themselves and others of the ennobling influence which true intercourse brings.

There is a prevalent misunderstanding as to the true end of conversation. Some talk from a sense of duty, regarding conversation as a necessary evil. Some talk immoderately from mere delight in talking. There are those who speak for effect, and by self-consciousness mar the attainment which otherwise might be theirs. Again there are the self-conscious who are too keenly alive to imagined deficiencies in themselves to take any general stand outside of their own personality and deal in general interests. They speak timidly because they think only of themselves. Emerson has well said that self-reliance is the basis of fine manners, and that the eloquent speaker must be king over every word. Command of self, expressed in repose of manner, is a direct influence in conversation. It never fails to put people at ease and inspire them to do their best.

But this reveals only one side of the question. The common, everyday lack of conversation proves that it is more than a hap hazard expression of our thoughts and feelings. It leads us to regard and apply a few wide-spread and universal principles in our attempts at intercourse with one another. It makes more of conversation than mere talking. In short, it recognizes that there is an art of talking, and the key to its achievements is, as for any art, the observance of certain laws which govern it.

How often we notice that mere intellectual ability does not constitute a person a skilful conversationalist. The deepest thinkers are oftentimes most embarrassed in the society of their fellows. It is not in the brain, but in the heart, that the first principles of conversation lie. Intellect is always an important feature, but the heart must apply the touch which kindles words into real warmth. Sympathy and tact are indispensable. They are really the beautiful rendering of any subject. Mere acquisition of knowledge without them is bare, but with them the scholar may draw freely from his store of knowledge, for he will know how to select from it and please. He will not give crude, isolated facts, but facts translated into so much real life. Tact is regarded too often as that which a man must have born in him to possess. To a nature of fine perceptiveness it is, after all, but the application of the Golden Rule. The ready talker must be quick to note the interests of those with whom he speaks, and kind enough to regard them. A little real notice paid to human life, with the desire to please, is more toward the art of conversation than great intellectual acquirement without these accompaniments of sympathy and tact.

We meet the true nature of conversation here. It gives and takes, but never monopolizes in either direction. The good conversationalist knows when to speak and when to remain silent. He encourages by both.

The further requirements of conversational ability are unconsciousness of self, and broad and general interests—each leading to the other. Self-consciousness mars any art. The true artist always loses thought of self in the conception to which he would give expression. The entertainment of large interests widens the scope of life and carries beyond the more immediate and selfish interests. The good conversationalist never counts the subjects which he has on hand. He is interested in all topics and rapidly commands them from his intercourse with others. There is a great need in conversation for that healthy interest in current issues and events which manifests itself in "general information." One who has an intelligent understanding of such matters will always make, at least, the pleasing and agreeable talker.

How many attempts to sustain conversation without real interests at stake fail, because they do not offer what is of real worth to themselves and therefore do not command it in return from others! The end of true conversation is never itself. It is, after all, only the golden medium of thought and should be valued for the broader understanding and richer experience which it may bring.

There is a deep need that conversation be regarded in its true light. Society demands the best of all its members, the best of heart and intellect, wrought into fine expression. For every intelligent and beauty-loving soul, some attainment toward this end is possible. Genius burns only for the few and is never universal. Conversation may cease to be called a "lost art" only when indifference and neglect on the part of the many shall give way to interest and attention, and the simple laws which constitute the art of conversation shall be sought for and regarded.

HOW I CAME BY A BERGHEM, AND HOW ITS VALUE GREW.

PROFESSOR RICHARD NORTON HORSFORD.

Some thirty-five years ago, where now is a block of stores, opposite the King's Chapel burying-ground on Tremont street, was the auction-room of Leonard and Cunningham. Every body knew of it as a place where, two or three times a week, there were opportunities to purchase second-hand furniture and objects of decorative art.

The sales were often treats to the mere listener. Mr. Leonard, the auctioneer of the house, was a man of artistic tastes and every way equipped for the unique duties devolving upon him. The playful and quiet transparent lighal varnish with which he sometimes brought out the virtues of an object about to be sold without for a moment concealing its real defects, recalled the traditions of the famous George Robins of London, who, in recommending a cottage and garden, "felt bound to mention that the fortunate purchaser might possibly be annoyed by the litter of the rose-leaves and the songs of the nightingales."

Occasionally articles were offered of special value, from their having come down from Colonial times, or from having been brought from somewhere beyond the seas. There I once found, and bid off, an inlaid table of Chinese origin, and on another occasion an English brass tea-kettle of the type that one sees in the portrait of the boy Watt, painted by Sir Joshua.

Now and then, family reverses brought rare and costly household treasures to the auction-room, and among the rest, pictures, statuettes, bronzes, etc. I once found a very pretty statuette of Chateaubriand the devoted admirer and lover, in his and in her extreme old age, of Madame Récamier. I have it still. Nine-tenths of its value is to be attributed to its having been found at the auction-room, to my having identified it first by deciphering the name of a bronze book by the side of the figure of the great writer, and to my having had it knocked down to me at a dollar.

In passing the auction-room one day, I turned in to see what was to be sold on the coming Wednesday. I found on the wall at the farther end of the room, in a little enclosure somewhat fenced off from the rest and larger part, a collection of eight or ten pictures,—some in old, battered frames, and some without frames of any kind,—all of them much begrimed with dust and the film which neglect imparts, and one of them pierced here and there with holes. The subjects were mainly landscapes. One of them particularly attracted my attention; it was a group of peasants and cows, and beyond the group were water and vessels in the foreground, and walled towns, a castle and a wooded hill in the background.

Mr. Leonard, on being asked if he knew anything about the pictures, said, "Ah, yes, these pictures have a history." Handing me a pamphlet, he added, "That will tell you the story." But before repeating the story, which I read on the spot, and which determined me to attend the sale on the next auction day, and sacrifice ten dollars, if it should be found necessary, for the picture of the peasants and the cows, I must stop to tell how I came to turn in to the auction-room on that morning.

I was not altogether without the knowledge that occasionally a precious picture by an old master had found its way to this country. Indeed, I had had the memorable experience of asking the proprietor of an extensive gallery of fine pictures, through which he personally conducted me, after looking for some time at a full-length Murillo "Who was the artist?" (assuming that even to produce so fine a copy was an honor that one might be interested in.) Of how I got out of my embarrassment when I saw in the face of my host that I was in the presence of an original, I have no distinct recollection. It was a trying, but doubtless a useful experience. I had seen the work of an old master.

It was at a meeting of one of the oldest scientific societies in the country, assembled at the residence of one of its members, that the host took upon himself the presentation of the first communication of the evening. He said, in substance, that he had by bequest of a recently deceased and brother come into possession of a painting, the history of which he would proceed to relate. We inferred, of course, that the outline of a veiled picture frame standing on an easel at the left of the speaker, and in full view of those assembled, embraced the subject of the sketch to which we were about to listen.

The late owner of the picture had, for half a century or more, been a merchant in New York. Among his early friends was a "decayed gentleman," who at the instance of the merchant and a few other friends familiarly known in happier times, accepted the office of barber to this little, thus constituted, exclusive club. The barber was familiar with pictures and with the choice gallery of his friend the merchant. "I think," said the former one day to the proprietor of the gallery, "there is somewhere in this country a picture of much value. When the armies of Napoleon were in Spain, the inhabitants of a small city, fearing the sacking of their cathedral, at the instance of the priests removed to places of concealment the treasure vestments and pictures belonging to the church. After the war, all the articles removed from the cathedral were returned, except one picture of great value, painted on a panel of wood,—a Leonardo da Vinci. This, after prolonged search, was traced to the port of Cadiz, where it had been sold by the faithless custodian to the captain of an American trading vessel. The story was the subject of an advertisement published in many papers in this country, under the direction of his Government, by the Spanish Minister at Washington. It was accompanied by a detailed description of the picture, and by an offer of a large reward for its return. Soon after, owing to changes at Madrid, the Minister was recalled, and his successor gave to the subject no further attention. That picture is possibly at this moment in the home of some Massachusetts sea-captain and might undoubtedly be found, as the enterprising skippers of the New World at that time were chiefly from New England.

The merchant, acting upon this hint, directed his correspondent at Boston to follow the thread thus furnished, through the Custom House records. The examinations at Boston were without favorable result. At Salem, however, the agent found that a vessel that had visited Cadiz at the required time was still sailing, and under the same Captain. He found the Captain's residence, and learned that he had just sailed on a voyage, to be absent half a year. In the cosy room where the good wife helped the agent to form a judgment of the excellence of her husband as a trustworthy super-cargo—the assumed object of his visit—he saw suspended upon the wall the Madonna, on its panel of wood and in its original frame, which was the object of his enterprise. It remained for him to wait patiently for six months before seeking another interview. At the end of this interval he found the Captain at his residence. After many inquiries as to the engagements of the Captain for the future, the agent, as he was about to leave, caught sight of the picture, which he much admired, and asked its history. The Captain said that he had purchased it at Cadiz. Having a little while before lost a much-loved child, he thought the picture of the mother and baby would be a comfort to his wife, and bought it for her. "He would not be willing to part with it?" No; his wife thought much of it, and he would not sell it.

The agent withdrew and reported progress. It remained only to wait. Of each departure and return of the skipper the agent took note, until at length he found that the wife had died, when he again visited Salem and the residence of the Captain. The picture still hung on the wall. As he was about to leave, he stopped to admire the picture, and after enjoying the study for a few moments, he asked if, perhaps, the picture might now be purchased. A moment's reflection was succeeded with the remark that he thought money would buy it. To the inquiry if \$500 would be con-

sidered an adequate price, the Captain replied in the affirmative; and the picture found its way to the gallery of the New York merchant.

Soon after, its new proprietor waited upon a noted picture restorer with the simple statement that he had a work of art, the author of which he desired to ascertain; and would the artist take the trouble to make the picture the subject of critical study? To this assent was given, and a few weeks later, in reply to inquiry, the artist said he had found the picture made up of an ancient work and another much more modern. "How had he ascertained that?" There were two styles. A part of the picture seemed glazed, and a part fresh and relatively soft. He had inserted a needle into a cork, and with this instrument as a drill, he had gone over the surface of the paint, and determined the limits of the modern work. The paint of the flower-basket in the child's lap could be easily penetrated by the needle, but beyond its borders the needle made no impression upon the old original picture, now unyielding as glass. "Had he formed an opinion as to the painter of the original?" He had a strong conviction. The principal objection to expressing or to entertaining it, was the impossibility of conceiving how the picture could have found its way to America. If that difficulty were removed, he should not hesitate to say that the artist whose pictures it most resembled was Leonardo da Vinci. "Could the modern work be removed, and how long would it take?" "It could be, and it would take about six months." "Why so much time?" "With a picture presumed to be a Leonardo da Vinci, I should be unwilling to use any process of cleaning that could by any chance injure the original. Solvents of oil are out of the question. My method of treating this would be by friction with the clean palm of the hand. This would not harm the glossy surface of the old picture, while by adhesion due to the warmth of the hand, it would in time remove all the new paint. The length of time is unavoidable, as the rubbing will, after a while, blister my hand, and I must wait till it heals before I go on with the work."

The order was given, and at the conclusion of the cleaning the artist assured the owner of the picture that he had but the single difficulty already mentioned in giving the opinion that the work was a Leonardo da Vinci.

With this confirmation, the merchant discovered that the time for realizing a long-cherished wish to visit Europe had come, and he embarked, with his picture, for London. On arriving, he hastened to place his cherished object of art in the hands of the most noted judge of pictures in the great metropolis. He stated that he had brought the picture with him from the New World, and his wish was that the artist should make the picture the subject of critical study. At the end of three or four months, he would return from a visit to the Continent, and wait on the artist for his judgment.

On his return the critic remarked that the picture, in and of itself, would be recognized without difficulty as belonging to the productions of a very eminent ancient painter; but his difficulty was that he could not conceive how a picture of Leonardo da Vinci should have found its way to America.

The picture was brought back to New York, and for many years graced the walls of the New York merchant. On his death, a year or two before, the picture had been bequeathed to the speaker.

As the necessity of a visit to Europe had assumed a fresh importance to the merchant, on his being assured that he had probably come into possession of a Leonardo da Vinci, so the new owner of the picture felt that he would like to see with his own eyes the acknowledged pictures of the great artist, that he might the better appreciate the value of the bequest.

Accordingly he soon set sail to visit Europe, and especially every gallery that lay in his way and was known to contain an unquestioned Leonardo da Vinci. He found that the infants of the Madonnas of Leonardo had auburn hair, like the Madonna of Cadiz and Salem. He found some of his pictures were on wood. He found that the portrait at home had certain peculiarities in common with the Da Vinci Madonnas to be seen abroad. In short, his studies confirmed the opinion entertained by the source of the bequest. At this point the picture was unveiled.

To be concluded.

JOHN WORDEN'S PECULIARITY.

BESSIE B. MACKY, '89.

Some twenty years ago, when I was but the junior partner in the old law firm of Craddock and Storms, of which I am now the head and sole remaining representative, an occasion arose for one of the firm to go to London on important business connected with a law-suit of one of our clients which was to come off in that city, and concerning which certain serious complications had arisen. I, as the junior partner, could be best spared from the New York business, and so accordingly was sent off by my seniors without delay to stay until I saw the affairs finally settled one way or the other, and to stand by our client until the last, that he might benefit by whatever legal knowledge I possessed.

Thus it was that the spring of the year '86 found me settled in very comfortable bachelor apartments in the great city of London, adding one more atom of life to the vast swarms of her inhabitants.

I immediately went to work on the business that had brought me so far from home, made myself thoroughly familiar with all the bearings of the case in hand, found it as much of a tangled web as I had expected, and also that everything was for the present at a standstill, owing to the non-appearance of a witness on the other side. This same witness, however, they told me, was even now on his way home from Australia; but as the case would not be called until his arrival in England, I had nothing to do but bide my time, make the best use of my opportunities, and amuse myself in any way I might see fit.

The firm of which I was a humble member was one of long standing, and of considerable reputation, on the other side of the water as well as in its own country; my own people also came of that good old New York stock that boasts so much of its blood and unblemished respectability, so that I had no lack of letters of introduction to people of quite the "upper ten" in England. I accordingly lost no time in presenting my letters, and before long found myself with a longer list of invitations to dinners, teas and balls than I could well dispose of. But I was a young man in those days, fond of life and excitement, and entered into all these pleasures with the keen zest of youth. Besides, I fancied myself, with boyish conceit, a keen observer of character, and prided myself not a little on the interest that, as a student of human nature, I took in my fellow-men. And thus it was that this new life of mine became so absorbing, because of the many new subjects which came up before me for my critical observation.

Among all the houses in London which I visited, there was one in particular to which I liked especially to go. The master, a life-long friend of my father's, attached to him by many ties of good fellowship and service, ever gave me, the only son of his old friend, a most hearty welcome—a welcome in the truest sense of the word, for it always had the desired effect of making me feel thoroughly at home. His wife was the dearest old lady imaginable, devoted to her husband and family, but never so much taken up with them that she could not tuck under her motherly wing any poor soul that she seemed to think needed a mother's care. And last, but not least, there was a host of sons and daughters to keep the whole house lively and to be watched over with tender care by this loving father and mother.

As I have said, the young people filled the house with gaiety and good-humor, and at times it did seem as if they and their circle of young friends would turn things completely upside down, but there was ever, to counterbalance all this youth and frivolity, a certain staidness and good

sound common sense about the old host and his wife, and their special cronies. To them one could always retire when he became tired of the younger party, and find much to instruct him, and not a little to amuse, in the many and varied conversations they would hold over their tea or cards in a quiet nook of the drawing-room, apart from the din and chatter of the boys and girls.

I was interested in all, old and young alike, but there was one man especially that above all the others whom I met from time to time at the house, attracted my attention and interest. (It was not at this house alone that I met him, for he was often to be seen at other places where I was acquainted, but though I cannot say that he was more intimate at my old friend's house than at any other, it was here that I saw him oftenest, because of my own frequent attendance at this place of good cheer.)

I do not know how it was that my curiosity was first aroused in regard to his life and history, for he was such a quiet, well-conducted member of society that, although every one acknowledged, when questioned concerning it, that he seemed reserved to a marked degree about every thing connected with himself, this fact had aroused no comment until it was brought before their attention by my questions, and even then they refused to attach to this reserve the importance that I thought it deserved.

Yes, it must have been this extreme reserve that I discovered in him, that made me set him apart from the other men I met as one to be studied in the light of an exceptionally interesting character. There was nothing else about him that could have so attracted me and drawn me on to make the inquiries I did about his present and past history.

He was a man of some sixty-five years, hale and hearty in person, of fine, though not what one would call striking presence, as his height and build were only medium. His hair, once black, was now almost white, and gave to his calm, composed features a benevolent look that they otherwise would not have possessed. He looked out upon the world and its doings with dark, keen, observant eyes, not lacking a certain shrewdness. In fact, there was nothing extraordinary about the man, and what it was that made me know that he had had sorrows and hard-fought struggles, I cannot tell, but that impression ever clung to me in his presence, laugh at it as I would when he was not by. He seemed to lead a very quiet, retired life, notwithstanding the fact that he was generally liked by old and young and welcomed gladly to many circles; indeed he was capable of exerting extraordinary personal magnetism when he so desired, but that happened very rarely. However, as I have intimated, no questions were asked with regard to his retired life by his acquaintances, since it was supposed by all that he lived alone merely because by nature he loved solitude, satisfied with his own company, and sufficient for himself in all things.

From being merely interested in this man I became strongly attracted to him and would have liked to become his friend and intimate, but when I had reached this stage in our acquaintance, I found myself strangely baffled. It seemed as if he said to me: "No, I cannot admit you to my friendship; I will converse with you, I will be friendly with you as far as mere society friendship goes, I shall always be glad to meet you and talk with you, but this must be the extent of our friendship." I was surprised, mortified and disappointed, as you may imagine, but while I was thinking the matter over, and trying to discover what possible reasons he could have for treating me in this odd way, since he really seemed to like me, I made the strange discovery that this finely cultivated gentleman, this man who seemed especially designed by nature to be a favorite and sought-for friend among his fellowmen, really had no one whom he could call friend and confidant, and that in the midst of scores of acquaintances, many of whom would gladly have accepted any overtures of friendship on his part, he was leading practically an isolated life, with no one to share the joys or sorrows which might encompass his daily path,—and all this apparently the result of his own choice.

At this stage of my investigations, the long-looked-for witness arrived, the case was called, and much as I was interested in searching out the whys and wherefores of the facts above related, my mind was soon taken up with the intricacies of the law-suit and I had no time or thought for anything outside my work. Thus it was that I left London, having seen but little more of the man who had monopolized so much of my thought for the preceding months, and having found out by the merest accident shortly before my departure for America that he was a countryman of mine, born and educated in New England. This fact goes to show how little I knew about him, notwithstanding my deep insight into character, mind-reading, and all the other kindred lore in which I imagined I was so well versed.

And so he passed out of my life, and had it not been that a few years ago, by one of those accidents that often happen to a lawyer, the story of his career from first to last was placed in my hands, I would probably never have given more than a passing thought now and then to the question whether that man really did have a history or no. But as I have said, I have now learned his story, a story I am at liberty to tell you, for the hero has gone to his long resting place, and it may help to redeem him in the minds of some who knew him, as it did in mine, from the imputation of selfishness and natural insensibility and coldness.

A quiet little New England town was the birthplace and boyhood's home of John Worden, the last but one of a long line of Wordens, who had lived and died in Landerton, almost ever since the arrival of that historic and much-abused ship, the Mayflower, whose capacity must, indeed, have resembled the Great Eastern, if she held all the first fathers who are said to have made the voyage in her. There may or may not have been a Worden in the first shipload, but at any rate there had never been a time when Landerton did not have a Worden in the big house on the hill, and there must indeed have been a goodly line of them, as can be seen to-day from the long list of names on the family tablet in the old churchyard. Here, apart from the din and confusion of cities, in this quiet spot, this son and heir of the Wordens grew up to manhood under the care of a father who tenderly loved his son, but was not thereby blinded to his faults, striving earnestly by every means in his power to train him aright and fit him for the best field of usefulness in the life that was before him.

He was a wayward, impulsive boy from his very babyhood, a constant source of anxiety and care to those who had charge of him. But with all his naughtiness he was such a lovable little fellow that none could withstand him, and every one in the town was his friend and admirer. His father understood and appreciated this lovable nature of his boy, and perceived that genius was not lacking to make him a successful man if he would only apply himself. But there, too, he saw the cause of the anxiety that had long been troubling him. This boy almost from babyhood had been extremely impulsive and capricious in his likes and dislikes, seemingly incapable of any lasting fondness for any person or pursuit. His father, realizing the magnitude of this failing, had tried again and again to combat the evil, but with little success; it seemed as if it were grounded in his very nature, beyond any control he might try to exert over it. There was only one thing he had succeeded in accomplishing, and that was in implanting in the lad a strong sense of the consideration he must have for the rights and feelings of others, and a highly developed spirit of conscientiousness. With this result he would fain have contented himself, as he saw his last days approaching, but his heart was filled with many forebodings for the future of this, his only son, when he would be left to make his own way in the world.

At nineteen John Worden found himself practically his own master, and with the prospect of large wealth soon to be entirely at his own disposal, as his guardian was an easy-going old man, who would not be likely to burden himself with further supervision, when once he should be rid of this troublesome young ward and the care of his property. The first change in Worden's life came when he went to College,—one chosen for

him by his father, whose last request it was that he would persevere in his college course and graduate. Had it not been for this promise I fear College would have seen but little of him during the next four years, as it was, however, he could not disregard his dead father's commands, even if he had been left entirely to his own way on this point. His college career was on the whole a brilliant one, but to the surprise and disappointment of his friends and tutors, who had expected great things of him, he graduated without honors. For he failed as ever to persevere long in any one thing, and while at times he became intensely interested, now in this study, now in that, the interest never remained long enough to make it of any practical value to him in the long run.

The same thing was true of his friendships; always a great favorite, he had plenty of material to choose from, and became devoted now to this one, now to that, but as in his boyish days he had been fickle to his boyish acquaintances, now with his college friends his liking soon changed to indifference and then to intense dislike. In his senior year he formed a friendship with a fellow classman, Robert Wentworth, which bade fair to outlast any that had preceded it. After their graduation, Worden accepted Wentworth's invitation to visit him at his home at Clifton, and it was there that he first made the acquaintance of Grace Wentworth, the sister of his friend.

She was a girl whose beauty of face was the least of her attractions, for she possessed great strength of character and depth of affection, hidden under a calm and rather cold exterior, and shown only to those who knew and loved her best.

Worden, with his usual precipitancy, lost no time in falling deeply in love with this beautiful girl, and after a time was made happy by the knowledge that his love was returned; inspired with the "grande passion," he forgot all past fickleness, and felt for the first time that he had found a lasting haven for his affections.

The months went on and Worden came and went at Clifton at his pleasure, no one saying him nay, and the world seemed a very desirable place of abode. But soon his absences began to grow each a little longer than the last, and every return to Clifton was made with a little more reluctance. Gradually he became convinced of what it was he had so long been struggling against—that his old fickleness was again asserting itself, and his love for Grace was fading away. He endeavored with all his might to combat this feeling, and battled as bravely as was in his power against the repugnance that came over him now when he thought of her, and which became still more insupportable when he was in her presence. He tried to recall the love he had felt for her only so lately, the happiness there had been for him in her society, and determined that he would not be conquered by this flaw in his moral nature. With this in view he decided to start immediately for Clifton, thinking to try in her presence the strength of his determination, to find out of what stuff his will was really made.

On arriving at Clifton he found that Grace was not alone, but had a school friend, Emily Bergin, visiting her, and though Worden's first feeling was one of disappointment, it soon changed to relief. He thought to excuse this to himself by explaining it as a mark in his favor, and to make up to Grace for his lack of love by an increase of attention to her comfort. To no purpose, however, was his attempt to call back his lost idolatry, and his repugnance for poor Grace grew day by day, until he felt he almost hated her. To escape this he sought relief in the society of Emily Bergin, forgetting all else in his own misery and pity for himself. Emily, more beautiful than her friend, and possessing greater social if not mental powers, found in Worden a kindred spirit and unconsciously to herself come to take great delight in his society, nor was Worden blind to this fact.

Matters were in this state, when one day Worden, in a fit of desperation at his hard fate, as he chose to call it, disclosed all to Emily and before he could check himself went on to confess his love for her, which had of late sprung up in the place of that once bestowed on Grace. But this once told, it needed not Emily's look of horror and dismay to show him his conduct in its true light; overcome with shame at his baseness and fickleness, he fled to his old home at Landerton, and there in the solitude of the great empty house, thought the matter over and over until he was half mad with sleeplessness and weariness. He reviewed his past life, meditated on his present circumstances, and at last there came to him the conviction that it was not in his nature to remain steadfast, and from the knowledge of many past efforts and failures, the fact became evident that he had not and never could have the power to overcome the terrible fickleness. He would strive no longer against what was inwrought in his nature. Finally he resolved upon the only honorable course open to him, not only for the present, but for his whole life to be, for he felt that this was the crisis that should decide all future action.

It must have been the teachings of his father which helped him in deciding how to end this struggle, for he made a firm resolve that others should not suffer for his weakness, and that if he could not remain true and steadfast in his friendship and love, he would not permit himself to go beyond mere acquaintance with any one, no matter what the temptation. Surely, he thought, he had strength of will enough to carry out this resolution.

His first act, after coming to this decision, was to write to Grace a full confession of his fault, his conviction that it was unconquerable, and his resolution in regard to the future, concluding with the hope that she might never look upon his unworthy self again and might come in time to forget him.

His letter to Emily was quite another matter and now he faltered and almost failed, but when he bethought him of what misery his fickle love was likely to cause her, he grew strong again, and contented himself with merely a formal note of apology.

There was but one more thing for John Worden to do, and that was to leave the home of his youth and cast behind him all associations of the past, in his attempt to reclaim himself from his great weakness. For many years he travelled from place to place, an ever increasing restlessness driving him on, but at length age and ill health prevented this constant journeying, and he finally settled down in London where I met him.

A changed man, indeed, he must have been from the fiery and impetuous John Worden of those college days, when he wooed and won fair Grace Wentworth. But with all his quiet, isolated life I think he was a man who counted himself happy in the thought that he had done what seemed to him the only right thing to do. His life can not be called a happy or a successful one, remembering those sad days at Clifton, and I know many will call it a wasted life, for to outward seeming he accomplished nothing; but who can say? The good he may have done lies locked in that silent bosom with all the untold sufferings of his life-struggle.

Much less to be pitied were Grace and Emily, true women both of them. Each had—alas! loved this man well, so well that when others blamed, they only pitied and sorrowed for him, until by this very pity and sorrow they were drawn nearer together than before, and as long as life lasted were close friends and companions. Neither of them married, but their life together was filled with tranquil enjoyment, their sorrow had not soured them.

Such is John Worden's life as told to me. Whether to pity him as a creature of fate and count him the victim of a misfortune, or blame him as a man who failed to summon all his strength of will to overcome a flaw in his moral nature, I leave for you to decide. I only know that he died happy in the thought that no fellow creature's life had been marred by him since that day when he made his stern resolution, and saying that the few times he had been tempted to break through that resolution had strengthened in him the conviction that the resolve was a right one.

THE COURANT. COLLEGE EDITION.

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Yearly subscriptions for the COURANT may be sent to Miss Tufts at Dana Hall, Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesley College.

College Notes.

The Shakespeare Society will give the play, "As You Like It," next Saturday evening in the gymnasium.

The boats are out and enterprising freshmen crews have already begun to train for Float Day. We shall expect a rare perfection in nautical skill this year, since there will be so much time for practice before hand.

The drill exhibitions in the gymnasium were attended last week in large numbers by the Faculty and students. All classes and particularly the freshmen performed their many intricate manœuvres with a military precision which was very creditable to themselves and to Miss Hill. The freshmen uniform is unique and the effect, as they moved about the hall, was very pretty. On the last evening they presented Miss Hill with a beautiful bouquet of roses to express their gratitude to her for her unsparing interest and work for them.

Mrs. Goodwin gave another art lecture to the students last Saturday. Division B of the Senior Bible class was hospitably entertained at tea last Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Peloubet in their home at Natick.

The foundation for the new Wellesley station has actually begun. It is hoped that the building will be completed and ready for use next August.

The Wellesley hotel was reopened Tuesday. It is now under the management of Mr. Dooling of Boston.

The young striplings, our college paper, will take an independent stand next year and grow on its own stem. It will no longer be called "Wellesley COURANT, College Edition," but will bear the significant name of "Wellesley Prelude." The motto is one to keep pace with its growth: "Let each man march to the music that he hears." It will be printed in magazine form, with a cover of simple design. As previously stated, the Editorial Board has been enlarged and one or two new departments will be added. It is hoped to have regularly a column of reviews. It is earnestly desired that the literary impulse may be somewhat more active than it has been this year, especially among the undergraduates. We would suggest that the fruits of summer meditation take on available form and be generously distributed.

Dulce Est Desipere in Loco.

April 80, at the town pump.

Member of the Faculty: "Little girl, what makes you look so happy? Do you know what happened one hundred years ago today?"

Little girl: "Why, yes ma'am. Don't you? George Washington took place."

Student: "Isn't Botany just too poetical for any use? Look at this dear little bud. I am to watch its growth, its development, don't you know?"

Scientific Room-mate: "Its growth! Why did you pick it then?"

Enthusiastic Student: "Oh! my!"

Buds and blossoms remind us that "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and so, though we hope the season for mittens has passed, we trust that the following verses from the Vassar *Miscellany* may afford some inspiration to our readers:

A DIFFERENCE.

In the sleigh there was only just room for us two,
There was nobody else to forbid it,
The music of sleigh bells beat time to my heart,
And some way or other I did it.

There was love in the air that we breathed, the white snow
Was tinged with the sun's golden glory,
Well, I spoke and she gave me the mitten, point blank,
That's the long and the short of the story.

The wild rush of happiness you do not know,
You can't know unless you have tried it,
What's that? Why, she gave me the mitten, that's true,
But her dear little hand was inside it.

ANOTHER DIFFERENCE.

Professor?—"What is difference between Junior and Senior?"
Sophomore:—"A passing difference."—*Ex.*

French class: Sight translation.

Il est louable de travailler et blâmable de ne pas le faire.

It is laudable to travel and blame-worthy not to pay one's fare.

"What size do you wear?" asked the clerk at the glove counter of our French Professor.

"Half past six, if you please, she replied and could not understand why all the clerks around should stare at her with amused impudence.

Freshman No. 1. (Who habitually wishes when in Mathematics class that she might become an $f(x) = 0$ and vanish)—I don't see how this thing can equal zero.

Freshman No. 2.—Neither do I,—don't see how anything in nature can equal zero.

Freshman No. 1.—Oh, I understand that,—put my mathematical understanding, for instance, equal to zero, and you'll see that *something* can equal zero.

Freshman No. 3.—(looking up from the book she was studying)—That isn't zero, that's a minus quantity.

Last Wednesday the following appeared upon the bulletin:

"The Weldon bill has passed the Canadian House. This means that no criminals may find refuge in Canada.

Our College cashier and her assistant passed, and after reading the notice, remarked to one another that they would postpone their trip to Canada.

We are glad they intend to stay with us.

Domestic Hall.

Ellen from the Norumbega kitchen sees several young women at work and asks: "Do those belong to the working class or to the graduating class?"

A package of tickets has been found on our College grounds, even on the grounds of the College Beautiful. They read as follows:

Good for
ONE SHAVE,

at
C. W. Potter's,
13 State St., Boston.

Unless the owner presents himself soon the tickets will be considered

the property of the *Dulce*, and if the column appears unusually short here, after the readers may surmise that it has embraced this opportunity to be shaved.

Our Outlook.

Through Miss Laura Clay, president of the "Kentucky Equal Rights Association," the progressive women of Kentucky speak on this wise:

Why have we raised the banner of Equal Rights in Kentucky? Our object is, "to advance the industrial, educational and legal rights of women, and to secure suffrage to them." Women are taxed; they have no representation. Women are governed; let any one read in this paper some of the laws concerning property rights by which the women of Kentucky are governed, and who will say women have given their consent? We protest against these wrongs to us personally, and we are alive to the menace of this foul spirit of injustice to our Republic; for, in the noble words of the Declaration of Rights of our mother state, Virginia, "No free government of the blessing of liberty can be preserved to any people, but by a firm adherence to justice." Every feeling, therefore, of self-interest, of justice, and love of country bids us strive to win the ballot. This we shall do, with patience and persistence.

We shall also occupy ourselves with humbler, though not less important tasks. We see that the evolution of modern industry, by the introduction of machinery into departments of domestic labor, has compelled multitudes of women to seek employment outside of the home. Public opinion has not recognized this necessity as rapidly as it has come upon us; and law and custom still obstinately contend against opening new vocations to women. We shall do what we can to counteract these pernicious ideas, which would consign numbers of women to miserable dependence or abject poverty. We shall labor to teach that self-supporting work is honorable in women; to open new trades and professions to them, and to establish as the rule of wages for men and women, "Equal pay for equal work." As a necessary step to this, as well as because we believe the duties of wife and mother are worthy of the highest culture of the feminine intellect, we shall endeavor to secure for the daughters of our Commonwealth every advantage of higher learning, both literary and professional, that is now afforded to its sons.

The amelioration of the laws bearing upon women will be an object of our most earnest effort. We believe the ballot will finally be accorded to our claim; for it is a provision of the divine economy that justice, even to those who are not able to defend it for themselves, is vindicated by eternal forces to which the intelligence and moral sense of mankind will respond in time. We recognize, however, that it will be a slow process to rouse the people to the necessity of yielding to our demands; and in this lapse of time the sufferings of women under laws made exclusively by men will be incalculable. We feel it incumbent upon us to do what we can to lessen them, and until we possess the ballot, which alone will insure us a full share of consideration in legislation, we are determined to use our sole political privilege, that of petition, to call to the notice of our voters and legislators some of the unjust laws that oppress our women, in the confidence that the better feelings of our law-makers, when thus appealed to, will compel the removal of such laws from our statutes.

We invite to our help all who are interested in uplifting society; for the welfare of the man is indissolubly bound up with the welfare of the woman; and in this belief we make our appeal to the nobler sentiments of humanity, their sense of justice, and their confidence in the expediency of right, and we place our trust in God, who will, in His own time, establish the righteous cause.—*The Woman's Journal*, Apr. 27.

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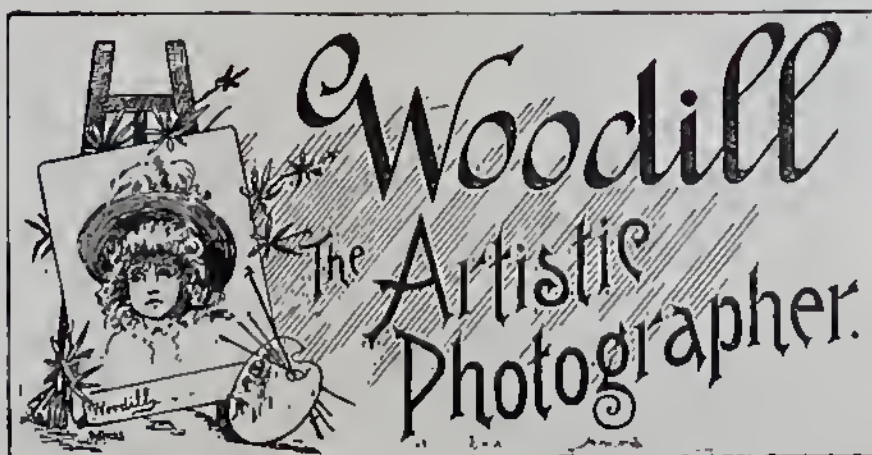
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